Dean/Castiel, Gabriel sticks them in handcuffs.

There's nothing but silence for a moment, between the metal snick of the handcuffs closing, and the sound of wings.

After that, barely seconds pass before Castiel realizes that Gabriel wasn't lying about the strength of the restraints. He tries to fly, but only succeeds in jerking the handcuffs towards him.

He hears Dean curse, and then he sees Dean giving him that looks that says he'd better be able to get them out of this, or the world will soon be losing one archangel. Pure fury, and Castiel sees the beauty in the strength of it.

But seconds are passing and he needs to calm Dean, and speak to his Brother.

"These were not made to be broken," Castiel says, "Not by any creature that can be killed." The handcuffs are pagan, foreign, and he wouldn't be surprised to hear a legend about them, from some ancient culture.

Not that they would be in the form of handcuffs. Legendary items never needed to behave like ordinary items.

Dean curses again, and Castiel feels distinctly proud that he has trained Dean not to use his Father's name in vain, even if he doesn't understand why being the son of a female dog is insulting. He supposes it's the feeling behind the words, and instead examines the sigils etched on the metal. It's not Enochian, but something foreign, and he wonders where Gabriel got these.

The thought brings another, and he looks at Dean again. "We need to find out everything we can about Tricksters."

If Raven could steal the stars, then Gabriel could steal the materials needed for his own Gleipnir.